

Iron County Register.

By ELLI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : : MISSOURI.

THE WINTER WOODLAND.

Against the snow the forest trees
Stand stern and black and stark,
Intent on every passing breeze
To mark the passing of the hawk.
They hark for Pan amid the wild;
For birds that gaily sing;
Starch sentinels; through storm and cold
They watch and wait for spring.

About their feet the timid hare
A sally bold has made;
The nimble squirrel scampered there
Athwart the powdered glade.
The wood mouse here in terror ran,
The owl upon his heels;
And more, a life unseen by man,
The telltale snow reveals.

While grim, submissive, over all
The world that moves below,
Chained fast in winter's icy thrall
The trees but fetters know.
Not theirs to wander far and wide
Through still and crystal bowers;
'Tis theirs in patience to abide
And wait the April showers.
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Farm Journal.

Settling the Claim.

By George E. Walsh.

THE bleak stretches of brown
grass gave a tinge of sadness to
the landscape, and the hum of innumerable
insects which had prolonged the
summer months well into the fall
were growing fainter and less rhythmic
with the advancing season. The
crops had been garnered and the ap-
proach of frost brought no terror
to the farmers, but in some in-
scrutable way it affected the nerves
of the lonely woman standing before
her rude shack gazing toward the
setting sun. Somehow the autumn
had always brought a shade of sad-
ness into her life. Even back in the
old New England days—before the
horrible nightmare had transformed
her life—she had experienced the
same feeling of depression.

"I guess it's because I hate to see
things dying," she explained to her-
self to stifle back a rising rebellion
of sorrow. "The summer was short
enough back home, but out here it's
all too short."

There was a dreary, homesick ex-
pression in the eyes, and through the
straggling hair the bronzed forehead
showed little marks of premature
wrinkling. Dorothy Wellington in her
girlhood days had been termed
"comely," a word which just fell
short of calling her good-looking or
handsome. But with time and expe-
rience her features had grown harsher,
and yet without blotting out a
certain sweet expression of resigna-
tion. Eternal longing for the impos-
sible, however, eats out the heart
and ambition of the strongest, and
Dorothy was daily finding her burden
more unendurable.

"It isn't natural," she confessed to
herself many times. "I'd rather give
up all and go back without a cent.
I could work and make a living. Not
in Dunbury, but somewhere else—
anywhere except here."

It was a strained and unnatural
position for a young girl to find her-
self in, and nothing but a strong,
stern sense of duty could hold her
to the bargain another day. It was
not home on the bleak Oklahoma
plain. The very quarter section on
which they lived was in dispute. The
shack which they had built for tem-
porary quarters might not be their
own. Across the "dead line" there
was another shack—a second blot on
the landscape. To one or the other
the quarter section belonged, but to
which none could say. The slow-mov-
ing courts would in time decide, but
for the present there was only an
armed truce, and neither side dared
venture on the property of the other.

Jared Wellington had left Dunbury
in the east to cast his lot in with the
early settlers of Oklahoma, and when
the rush began he had been among the
first to settle on a desirable
quarter section. But while he had
been busy staking out the section,
another had filed a claim to the same
piece of land. There was a dispute,
which threatened to end in murder,
but Dorothy had been the means of
quieting the two combatants. They
agreed to let the courts settle the
claim, and meanwhile the two owners
built on the opposite sides of the
"dead line," which they drew exactly
through the center of the quarter
section.

That was three months ago, and
in the meantime Jared Wellington
and Henry Egerton had nursed their
wrath in silence while they planted
and gathered their first season's
crops. Each bitterly envied the other
the crops which by right should be-
long to him. With alert eyes and
gun loaded for active service each
watched the other, determined to ex-
act the full pound of flesh demanded
in the agreement. Had accident or
sickness forced either over the "dead
line," the other would unquestionably
have shot his enemy in his tracks the
moment he set foot on his property.

Such were the bitter conditions un-
der which Dorothy had lived for three
months, hoping and praying that the
court's decision would shortly settle
the controversy, but never did the law
seem to lag more exasperatingly. Au-
tumn was changing the whole face
of the landscape and winter was ap-
proaching with its long period of
gloomy weather, but the "dead line,"
and the Egerton shack in the dis-
tance, continued to make life for
Dorothy and her father bitter and
disagreeable.

Jared Wellington was as hard and
set in his ways as the New England
granite hills among which he had
been reared, and Dorothy knew his
nature too well to attempt to induce
him to compromise with his lonely
neighbor. Lonely Henry Egerton
seemed to be in his shack, for neither
wife, mother nor child appeared
around his home. Daily he had tolled
in the fields all summer, returning
to his rude home at night to prepare
his own supper, and smoke quietly
and solitarily near the door of his
shack until the moon was darkened

by the blood-red horizon. Dorothy
had watched these orderly proceed-
ings from her quiet retreat, often
wondering at the man's lonely life,
and in her tender heart half pitying
him.

He was young and not hard-look-
ing, as she remembered him on that
eventful day when she had interposed
to save both from a possible tragedy.
But after all it had been a fleeting
glimpse of the flushed face and eyes
burning with anger and determina-
tion. Those were exciting days when
man forgot his thin veneer of civiliza-
tion and displayed his savage orig-
in. The wild rush across the prom-
ised line, the fights and struggles to
gain possession of the best quarter
sections, the fear and lamentations
of those who had failed, and the aw-
ful intensity of the calm which pre-
vailed days and weeks before the fi-
nal word was given to throw open the
land to the eager public—all these
pictures were burned on Dorothy's
brain so that they seemed like some
horrible nightmare. How different it
all had been from the quiet New En-
gland village where she had been
reared!

"Why could she not have lived there
forever? What right had her father
to tear her from her home, root and
branch, and plunge her into this wild,
lawless caldron of unrest and bitter
striving?"

Dorothy brushed back a rebellious
tear and turned away from the front
of the shack. She had never given
expression to such parental rebellion
before, and she half-shuddered at it.
By way of apology, she added in an
undertone: "Poor father! He suffers,
too. He has been disappointed and it
is making him old. Why did that man
want to come here?"

She looked bitterly across the "dead
line." Henry Egerton had just
emerged from his shack, and stood,
with hands shading his eyes, watching
her. Nearby she could see his gun
leaning against the side of the shack.
"He must be bad, or he would offer
to compromise," Dorothy continued.
"He is young and able, and father is
old and feeble. He might move on
and—"

She suddenly dropped her voice to
an indistinct murmur, for an apparition
appeared in the doorway of the
shack which made her excited. She
shaded her eyes and looked more
keenly. It was a small, toddling child,
scarcely two summers old, holding
uncertainly to the side of the door-
way, and cooing at the big ball of fire
slowly disappearing below the hori-
zon. The man raised his hands and the
child ran to him and jumped into his
arms.

"He is married, then, and has a
family," Dorothy breathed. "Maybe
I have misjudged him. Has the child
a mother, or—"

Again her sentence died out in an
indistinct murmur, but the sun had
set and the twilight was rapidly
spreading over the landscape. Dorothy
saw another form, bent of figure
and white of hair, walking across the
field, and after waving a hand of wel-
come to him she turned to her work
inside.

There was seldom any mention of
their neighbor's affairs between
father and daughter, and to-night
Dorothy merely told of the presence
of the baby on the opposite side of
the "dead line" and then subsided.
Jared Wellington raised his shaggy
eyebrows and grunted:

"Then he's married? He'll bring his
wife next, I suppose. Maybe he has
heard that the courts—"

A horrible suspicion entered the
minds of both. Had the courts decid-
ed respecting their claims, and had
Henry Egerton heard that he was the
sole and legal possessor of the quar-
ter section? Otherwise, why had he
brought his family out to this lonely
home when he had lived without
them for three months?

Jared Wellington felt the heavy op-
pression of disappointment, and his
white head dropped lower and lower
as the evening advanced. Dorothy
tried to cheer him, but in vain. Final-
ly, she decided to present the matter
clearly to her aged parent and show
him that all would not be lost even
if the courts decided against them.

"What of it, father?" she said,
cheerfully. "We can go back east
and live. I will enjoy life more than
out here. I can't stand this much
longer. I must have companions and
neighbors."

"No, no, Dorothy, it can never be,"
he murmured. "I shall never see the
east again. If it is true that—that
he owns it—" pointing dramatically
toward his enemy's shack—"it will
kill me. I cannot survive it."
The tears blinded the blue eyes of
the woman, and she turned away to
hide them. "It may not be, father,"
she murmured in a thick voice.

The hands, chubby and warm,
stroked the hair of the weeping wo-
man. Dorothy raised her eyes to
look at the little face pressed to
hers, and then she started. A dozen
feet away stood Henry Egerton, an
expression of confusion and uncer-
tainty on his face.

He raised his hat and said:
"Pardon me, I've come for Virginia.
She ran away, and I could not catch
her until she crossed—crossed over
here."

Dorothy still held the child in her
arms, and Virginia suddenly ex-
claimed:
"I've found muzzer! I've found
muzzer, Unc' Hen'y. Here she is."
The face of the man worked
strangely. A softening of the firm
outlines made him look tender and
sympathetic.

"Poor Virginia lost her mother a
week ago," he murmured, "and she
has come to live with me. I could
not bear to tell her the truth. But I
suppose I was wrong. Come, Vir-
ginia, come with Uncle Henry."

"Not unless muzzer comes too,"
pleaded the child.

The embarrassment of the man in-
creased. Dorothy, understanding the
position of the two, suddenly raised
her eyes from the shock of brown
hair and said quickly:

"Leave the child with me a short
time. She is happy, and I—I need
some one."

There was a break in her voice, but
she continued with more self-control:
"But I must go away for a doctor.
Father is very sick, and he needs
help and medicine."

Henry Egerton had been thinking
of the picture the two had framed
in the doorway, and he started at the
mention of her father. Then, ap-
parently without thinking, he said:
"I'll go for the doctor if you'll keep
Virginia until I return. I'll be back
soon."

He strode away rapidly without
glancing again at the picture, which
somehow had strangely affected him,
and within ten minutes he was riding
fiercely toward Oklahoma City. Dur-
ing the ten miles he hardly saw an
object on the landscape, and when he
returned in company with the phy-
sician he was quiet and taciturn.

Virginia and Dorothy were not in
the doorway to greet him on his re-
turn, but unmindful of the feud be-
tween the two families, he strode
into the small shack behind the phy-
sician. Then, while that individual
examined his patient, he waited pa-
tiently at the foot of the rude bed,
furtively watching two faces which
seemed inseparably associated to-
gether.

Jared Wellington was a long time
in bed, and the fever wasted him to a
skeleton. Nature had robbed him of
the power and strength of his
shack from the approach of the
enemy. But before his complete re-
covery the "dead line" had been ob-
literated. The little footsteps of Vir-
ginia had worn a smooth path across
it from shack to shack, and often
Henry Egerton followed after his
tiny niece, "to go and see muzzer."

Somehow there was as much attrac-
tion for him as for the innocent child,
who had found in his bereavement
another who quickly healed the wound.

Then one day Henry Egerton
walked to the old shack with lines
drawn tighter around his mouth, and
with eyes hardened to bear a new
burden. The decision of the courts
in their respective claims had been
handed down. The ownership of the
valuable quarter-section was decid-
ed forever. Beyond the hearing of the
convalescent man, who sat in the sun
in the doorway, Egerton told the
blunt announcement she paled and flushed
by turns. Then pity for the drawn
face before her made her exclaim:

"Oh, I'm sorry for you, Mr. Eg-
erton. I think you should own half."

"No, it was all or none. Now the
courts have decided it all belongs to
your father. I'm an interloper, and
must leave at once. You have the
right to order me off before night."

"But I won't do it, Mr. Egerton,"
Dorothy replied, with a bright smile.
"You can stay as long as you like."

"No man could do that unless—" he
hesitated—"unless you will let me
work the place for you. I could stay
as your hired man until your father
was well again; but I won't. I would
stay at your bidding—if it—your
father would always be Virginia's mother."

Dorothy held forth a trembling
hand. He seized it and covered it
with kisses, hastily interpreting the
action as a plea to stay, and Dorothy
did not have the courage to break
his illusion. Then from the shadow
of the shack a small figure toddled
forth and a baby's voice exclaimed:
"Muzzer, make Unc' Hen'y stay an'
play bear with me. I wants him."

Dorothy, with a happy smile and
gleaming eyes, picked the child up in
her arms and replied between her
caresses: "He will stay, Virginia, and
he shall play bear with you all the
morning."—N. Y. Times.

Good Suggestion.

A well-known lecturer was once in-
vited to tea at a certain house. Im-
mediately on being seated at the ta-
ble, a little daughter of the house
said to the guest, abruptly:

"Where is your wife?"

The lecturer, who had recently
separated from his better-half, was
surprised and annoyed at the ques-
tion, and stammered forth:

"I don't know."

"Don't know?" repeated the child.
"Why don't you know?"

Finding that the child persisted in
her interrogation, despite the mild re-
proof of her parents, he decided to
make a clean breast of the whole mat-
ter and have it over at once; so he
said, with calmness:

"Well, we don't live together. We
think, as we can't agree, we'd better
not."

"Can't agree? Then why don't you
fight it out, same as father and
mother do?"—Detroit Free Press.

Not Landed Yet.

Miss Ascum—Wasn't that Mr. Bond
I saw you walking with last even-
ing?

Miss Ascum—Yes.

Miss Ascum—He is a landed free-
holder of the county, isn't he?

Miss Coy (blushing)—Well—er—he
isn't quite landed yet.—Stray Stories

Lesson in American History in Puzzle



FIGHTING IN THE SUBURBS OF MEXICO.
Find Gen. Worth.

On September 8, 1847, a division of the American invading army in Mex-
ico under Gen. Worth stormed and captured the citadel Molino del Rey. (The
twelfth they stormed the seemingly impregnable castle of Chapultepec,
and after a relentless charge drove the Mexicans from their breastworks
to the gates of the city. This left the Americans in possession of the sub-
urbs of the city, but there was considerable serious fighting with Mex-
ican soldiers hidden in buildings before they were finally driven out or cap-
tured. Many instances of remarkable personal courage were noted during
this fighting in the streets of the suburbs.

PITH AND POINT.

Little things console us, because lit-
tle things afflict us.—Pascal.

The two offices of memory are col-
lection and distribution.—Johnson.

The millennium will be coming right
along when practice is more fash-
ionable than preaching.—Brooklyn Life.

It is easy to acquire knowledge if
you are not ashamed to confess your
ignorance.—Chicago Daily News.

Cheerfulness is like money well ex-
pended in charity—the more we dis-
pense of it the greater our possession.
—Chicago Journal.

People differ as to jokes, but here is
a rule that may be depended upon: A
joke you tell yourself is always a good
one.—Atchison Globe.

How English Is Spreading.—Friend
—"So you think English will be-
come the universal language?" Philo-
sopher.—"Unquestionably. There are
already in it 250,000 words, mostly from
other languages, and it won't take long
to add the rest."—N. Y. Weekly.

A Good Physician.—Murphy—"An
can you recommend him?" Casey—"Oh
can. Faith, he is a mighty fine doc-
ter. Last September, when little
Katie was prostrated with diphtheria,
an' braythin' her last breath, O said:
"Docther, she live till mornin'?"
He said: "Dinnis, don't worry," he said;
"she will live," he said, "till many years
after ye are dead and under the soil."
"An' did she?" "She did."—Philadel-
phia Star.

BRIBING POLICEMEN.

It Is Rarely Attempted in Chicago
and More Rarely Is Tempta-
tion Effective.

Not many people in Chicago try to
avoid arrest by bribing the policeman
who has taken them in charge, says
the Tribune.

In speaking of this matter, said an
inspector: "There are few attempts
made in Chicago to bribe an officer by
anyone who has been placed under ar-
rest. The wonder is that there should
not be more of this kind of business.
As a matter of fact, such cases are few
and far between. The people who do
at times offer a policeman a bribe are
usually foreigners, in whose native
countries the bribing of officials is a
common practice. Often a certain
class of second-hand dealers who have
been arrested for receiving stolen prop-
erty will weep around the officer who
has collected the evidence and loudly
proclaim that they have a dying wife
and a starving children and that if
the case goes against them they will be
ruined. They conclude their appeal by
tendering the officer a couple of dol-
lars, or perhaps five. The policeman
usually stuffs the money down the
backs of the would-be briber's neck
and sets him down with some emphasis
on the sidewalk to think the thing
over."

"We seldom hear of the attempted
bribing of an officer for the reason
that if the policeman charged the pris-
oner with an attempt to bribe him
the defendant would deny it, and as
the officer would have no witnesses to
prove his side of the case and the de-
fendant would be liable to spring half
a dozen witnesses to prove that the
officer solicited a bribe. So the police-
men think it best to say nothing about
the matter. A policeman who would
tell in court that an attempt had been
made to bribe him would probably be
asked by the defendant's lawyer if the
policeman objected to the bribe be-
cause it was not large enough. The
judge would make some witty remarks
to the effect that now, indeed, was
there hope for Chicago, with police-
men refusing bribes, and everybody
around the courtroom would guff the
officer on the subject. Accordingly the
wise policeman when offered a bribe
turns it back and rebukes the person
offering it in his own peculiar and ex-
tremely impressive manner."

"A policeman seldom accepts bribes,
not only because it is against the law
to do so but because he knows that in
such cases honesty is indeed the best
policy. A person who has succeeded
in making an officer accept a bribe
has a hold on him. He has the police-
man's hands tied, and in the future
can defy the officer by threatening to
make public the fact that the latter
took a bribe."

Wise Girl.

She—I know a girl who married a
man some years ago to reform him.

He—How is she succeeding?

She—Splendidly. She spends all his in-
come on her clothes.—Chicago Daily
News.

AIDED BY YELLOW JACK.

The Secret of an American Consul's
Long Tenure in a South
American Office.

A man from South America tells this
story of an American consul down
there who did recently after having
retained possession of his office admin-
istration after administration, in spite
of all efforts to oust him, says the New
York Sun.

"Brown," he said, "held his post
through sunshine and through rain,
through republican and democratic ad-
ministrations, through revolutions
and through invasions, through yellow
fever and through everything else on
the South American continent. Not
that he was a particularly bright and
shining light in the diplomatic game,
either, and not that he worked particu-
larly hard at Washington to hold his
job, for he just plodded along in an
even way and didn't appear to care a
rap for his place."

"I learned the secret of his system
some years ago and now that he is dead
it won't do any harm to tell about it."
"The place where he was consul was
one of the choicest yellow fever hatch-
eries anywhere on the globe. Prob-
ably that was the reason why he was
sent there originally. I know that it
was the reason why all the trouble-
some applicants for consular jobs who
went to Washington were assigned to
that place when nothing else served to
put them off."

"When Brown learned that he was
practically proof against the old yel-
low and the rum habit he hatched up
a little scheme to stay there. You see,
nobody cared to have him back in the
United States and he knew it, so he
thought he might as well stay where
was."

"When a new applicant came down
to take the post Brown always greet-
ed him with the utmost cordiality, say-
ing that he was glad to get out of the
blasted old hole and that nothing on
earth could tickle him more than to
take the very first steamer back to
civilization. His next words were al-
ways an offer to take the new man
around the town and show him a few
of the ropes of the place."

"In the course of the trip they al-
ways got to the graveyard sooner
or later, and then Brown always be-
came deeply affected. Going around
he pointed out this and that tomb-
stone, accompanying his gestures
with something like this:

"Do you see that grave over there?
Well, that's poor old Robinson's. He
came down here full of hopes of a
good beginning in a brilliant career
and, poor fellow, he was carried
away at almost the beginning of it."

"If my memory does not fail me,
he came here on the 7th of the
month, and died on the 11th. Oh,
yes, he was the consul here. I fol-
lowed him, in fact."

"That over there is old Carry's
grave. He was a very popular fel-
low, too. Yellow jack got him. I
think he hardly lived before he be-
came ill. His folks were terribly cut
up over it. Can't blame them."

"And Paisley's grave is some-
where in here. I don't see it just
now, but it's here, just the same.
Yes, another case of yellow jack."

"What's the matter, old man?
Not feeling well? Oh, it's nothing, I
dare say. A fellow is often taken
that way when he has been here a
little while."

"The thing invariably ended in the
newcomer's taking the next steamer
back and in Brown blowing the gang
off at his joint. It was at the final
scene of one of these occasions that
the poor old chap was taken off, and
he met one of the most tragic
deaths, in view of the circumstances,
that I ever heard of."

"He had ordered the first bottle
from the servant when it came. You
see, it was always a celebration for
him, because all he had to do after
the newcomer sailed back was to ask
for the job over again."

"Here's prosperity and long life to
the new consul," he said, raising his
glass and waving his hand at the
departing steamer."

"Then he suddenly grew pale and
trottered for a moment."

"Guess there's a new man com-
ing this time," he said, regaining his
composure. "The old yellow jack has
hit the consul at last."

"And he died within 48 hours."

Germany's Basket Makers.
Basket making employs half a mil-
lion persons in Germany, where the
wages range from 18 shillings to 42
weekly for skilled workers.—Indus-
trial Journal.

REPUBLICAN PATRONAGE.

Lots of Good Appointments to Be
Made with Large Salaries
and Easy Work.

Of the large army of appointments
that are to be made under the new
department of commerce and labor,
the average pay of each will be near-
ly \$2,000. This shows what a large
number of good-paying places are at
the disposal of republican senators
and congressmen. Those who want a
position at the national capital,
where the work is comparatively easy,
and the hours short—from nine to
four—should at once apply and urge
their friends to write to the sena-
tors and representatives from their
states, to have them appointed. There
are a large number, probably 75, ex-
aminers and special examiners, \$2,-
000 and expenses, also a number of
such places as storekeepers, \$1,200;
telegraph operators, \$1,600; tele-
phone operators, \$1,200, and others,
too numerous to mention, all outside
of the civil service.

Local politicians have a fine chance
to press their political claims for
such places as chiefs of divisions,
with a salary of \$2,000 or \$3,000,
of which there are a large number to be
appointed. As the trusts are prin-
cipally interested in these latter-named
offices, only those should apply who
have not openly expressed an op-
inion adverse to the trusts, for the an-
tecedents of applicants will be closely
investigated.

The most influential senators, who
will have most to say in the distribu-
tion of this patronage are Aldrich,
Alger, Allison, Beveridge, Cullom, De-
pew, Elkins, Fairbanks, Foraker,
Frye, Gallinger, Hale, Hanna, Keen,
Lodge, Platt (Conn.), Platt (N. Y.),
Quay, Scott, Spooner and Wetmore.

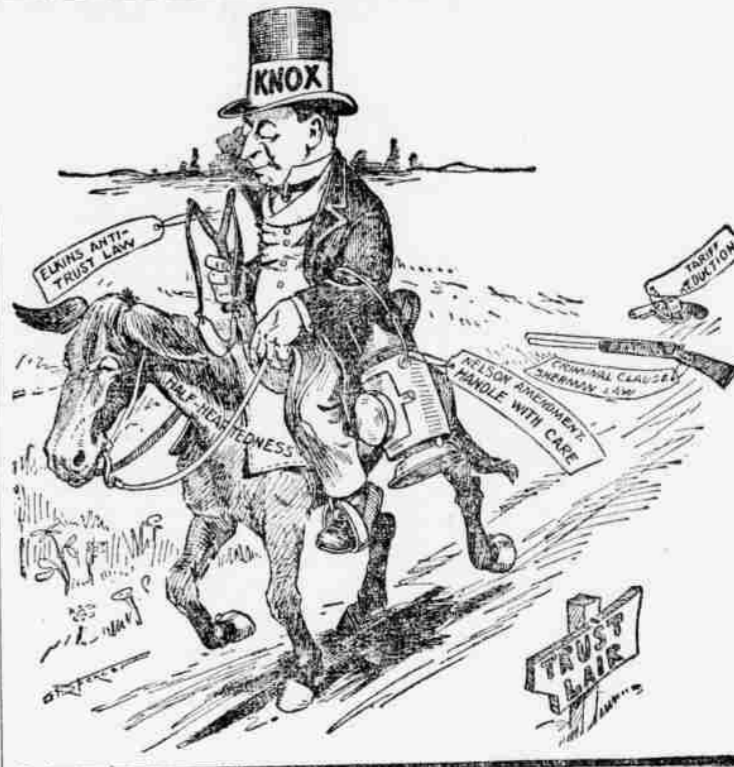
STATEHOOD DEFEATED.

Platform Promises of Republicans
Broken—Hanna's Extraordi-
nary Doctrine.

The defeat of the statehood bill
at this session of congress will pre-
vent for some time and perhaps fore-
ever the admission of New Mexico
and Arizona as separate states. The
republicans are promising to intro-
duce a bill in the next congress to
bring in both territories as one state,
but as the people of both New Mex-
ico and Arizona object to being
merged, even if such a measure was
passed, it might not be ratified by
the people. One great objection
raised to a merger of the two ter-
ritories is the enormous distance
from the eastern to the western
boundaries, which is over 700 miles,
as the crow flies, but the greatest ob-
jection is that the people of the two
territories object to being joined to-
gether.

The promise made in the republican
platforms of 1896 and 1900 that New
Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma should
be admitted to statehood has, like
many other republican promises, gone
for naught. This record for making
promises in national platforms, with
the evident intention of not keeping
them, will throw a doubt upon any
future planks of that nature and in-
deed upon all declarations of the pol-
icy to be declared by the republicans.
Senator Hanna explains this short-
coming of his party and incidentally
apologizes for his own opposition to
statehood, by expounding the doc-
trine that, when both parties adopt
the same planks and make the same
promises there is no issue, and they
are therefore meaningless.

It will be well for voters to re-
member this when they justify their



"ON TO THE WAR."—The Commoner.

Among the representatives: Gros-
venor, Payne, Dalzell, Steele, Tawney,
Long, Babcock, Metcalf, Wadsworth,
Hemenway, Fowler, Hopkins (new
senator), Graft, Southard, Corliss,
Taylor, Olmsted, Weeks, Wachtel,
Gillet, Overstreet, Curtis, Stewart,
Wagner, Cousins, Pitt, Cooper, Hep-
burn, Sullivan, Gardner, Barthol-
me, Hull, Dick, Lacey, Davidson, Gillet,
Warner and Burton. These senators
and representatives are known to be
looked to by the trusts to conserve
their interests and have great influ-
ence with the administration, though
any republican senator will doubtless
have at least one good place for one
of his constituents. Now is the time
to strike for a good position. Dem-
ocrats, it is needless to say, need not
apply.

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

—The ship subsidy bill evidently
doesn't know when it is dead.—Indi-
anapolis News (Ind.).

—The "trust busters" do not ap-
pear to have done much business so
far. The trusts are all carrying on
business at the old stands. Apparently
they are fattening on legislation pa-
per.—Buffalo Enquirer (Dem.).

—It will be worth while to preserve
the list of 800 trusts compiled by Mr.
Littlefield and see